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J. O'NEILL, LITH. PUCK BUILDING, N. Y.

MAY THE BEST BOAT WIN!



PUCK,
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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY has indeed fallen upon evil days. In its youth it was a party founded upon principle. To-day, it is nothing more or less than an office-brokerage association. It trades solely and exclusively upon its old reputation; and about that it does not tell the truth. What was the Republican Party when it was founded? What were its ideas, its principles, its aims? Let us try to get at the plain, wholesome truth. The Republican Party was organized to oppose the introduction of the slavery system into the new states and territories—to confine that "institution" to the Southern States. It made no attempt whatever to effect the abolition of slavery. It expressly disclaimed, over and over again, by the mouths of its leaders, any intention of trying to free the enslaved negroes. This is history, the truth of which any man may find out for himself. The civil war that broke out in 1861 was not on account of any question of abolition of slavery. The South, finding the North, as a section of the country, opposed to the general extension of what was called the peculiar institution of the Southern States, asserted a right of secession, and resorted to violent measures.

The preservation of the Union depended upon the Republican Party; and bravely and loyally did the party perform its task. Under the leadership of Abraham Lincoln it began and carried through the great combat whose end established forever the unity of the states. But this was not a war for the abolition of slavery. The Republican Party and the Abolition Party were different and hostile organizations. The Republicans, or, at least, a majority of them, disliked slavery; but they believed that the system was legal in the Southern states, and they made it distinctly understood that they had no thought of interfering with it so long as it was confined to what they considered its proper limits. It was not until 1863 that the enfranchisement of the negro slaves seemed to their leaders a necessary and proper measure. Then Mr. Lincoln issued the proclamation of emancipation. This seems to us now a wise conservatism. To the Abolitionists it was a long paltering with principle. But, at all events, the freeing of the slaves was something never contemplated by the Republican Party when it first became a political power.

In fact, the party grew with the growth of its own principles, and its power was a legitimate concurrence of its growth. In 1865 it stood at its best. It had bound the Union together for time and eternity. It had wiped out slavery—a curse to the North and to the South; to master and to man. It held, at the time, an unquestionable title to the government of the country. But, when Lincoln had served the few weeks of his second term before he was shot down by the maddest of all mad men; when Andrew Johnson had gone through his hapless period of folly and misrule; when the next general election came to be held, the Republican Party made its fatal mistake. It entered into the contest on the assumption that its past record gave it a positive right to hold office, irrespective of the needs of the time: that because it had been of the greatest service to the country, it had the exclusive right to serve her thereafter. This assumption was accepted by the people. The opposing party had little to urge in its own behalf, and the candidate of the Republicans, General Grant, was elected President of the United States.

On this same assumption, he was re-elected in 1872. On this same assumption, R. B. Hayes, of Ohio, was nominated in 1876, and was voted into the President's chair by a court of arbitration. On this same assumption, General James A. Garfield was elected President in 1880. All these men took office because the country assumed that, their party having been the best and most worthy during a certain period, and in the performance of a certain task, it must be for all time the most meritorious and the most desirable as a ruling faction. And, while this sort of thing was going on, what became of the party that had begun by fighting for a principle? There was no great principle to fight for, after 1872, at the latest. The country was at peace, its states with each other, and itself with all

men. There was only one business for any party elected to office, and that was the business of governing the nation well and economically. A business we may well call it. It was no different in kind from any form of commercial business. All that was needful was that competent men should attend to the details of public affairs.

The party became a party without principles. Elected to office by the acceptance of an illogical proposition, it logically assumed that logic was of no account in practical politics; and on that assumption it proceeded. "I saved your house from burning down—give me the management of your business"—this was the position it took. Finding that so absurd a claim was allowed, why should it trouble itself to be reasonable in dealing with the people to whom it addressed itself? "See," it said: "they think so little of their public business that they will give its conduct to us for such an inapplicable reason. Let us profit by such folly." And so, for fifteen years certainly, politics has meant, to the leaders of the Republican Party, not opposition to the extension of slavery, not the freeing of the slaves, not the assertion of the principle of national unity; but, simply and solely, the traffic in public offices for private gain. We are perfectly willing to say that to most Democratic politicians it means exactly the same thing. But we do say that to the one candidate of the Democratic Party—the one man the party can nominate and elect—politics means only an endeavor towards good government; and that he is a man strong enough to make his party follow him.

He will in the end make his party follow him, not because the Democratic politicians will fall in love with him or his ways; but because he has the resolution to carry out his pledge to give the people a government service in which fitness, not political backing, shall win place and preferment. This is the idea of what is called Civil Service Reform, and it needs only the test of practical application to prove its value. To put it into practical application must take more than a year, or four years even. It is a mighty task, and that Mr. Cleveland has in great part accomplished it already shows his strength and his determination. We have no fear that he will fail to finish what he has begun, if the task is again entrusted to him. Nor have we any fear that, once having enjoyed the benefits of a public service conducted on business principles, the people will ever again care to put their affairs in the hands of political gamblers.

Of course, this is a prospect far from pleasing to the gamblers. They do not like it, and while only the more shameless dare say openly that their object in life is office-getting, pure and simple, for their own and not the country's good, yet there are enough of the semi-respectable who oppose the new order of things on high moral grounds. To this latter class belong the politicians who lately gathered in Worcester, Mass., and expressed their opinion that the public business could not be properly done by employees who held a political faith different from the Chief Magistrate's. Why they did not carry out this deliverance to its legitimate conclusion, and declare that the government employees should be, to insure their efficiency and zeal, members of the President's church, we do not know. But we know that their theory walks hand in hand with their practice—which has always been to conduct the public's business for their own private benefit.

Yet the temperate utterance of the Massachusetts Democrats shows that they feel that they have one candidate under whose leadership their party may again go into power at the next general election. That the Republicans are not in as good case is shown by the conduct of their most conspicuous representative at this moment—Mr. J. B. Foraker, who is parading up and down the country, lifting his coat-tails and asking somebody to kick him. Politics must have dragged a man down pretty low when he tries to make capital for himself by dragging an estimable lady's name into a public discussion, and crying out over a "snub" that she denies having inflicted upon him!

With Puck of October 5th will be given a

PORTRAIT OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND,

Drawn from Life by
MR. JOSEPH KEPPLER.

This lithograph is a reproduction of a water-color sketch, and is a companion-piece to the portrait of Mrs. Cleveland which was issued as a supplement to the X-mas Puck of 1886.

In our issue of October 12th we will print the names of the winners of the Second Prize for the solution of PUCK'S MIDSUMMER PUZZLE—one year's subscription to PUCK'S LIBRARY—together with a solution of the puzzle, which will show all unsuccessful competitors how near they did or did not come to it.

THE SUFFERINGS OF A MAN WHO DID N'T LIKE SPORT.



At lunch he had to listen to this sort of thing.—"I tell you, Ed., you ought to have been up to the Polo Grounds yesterday; it was an immense game! In the second inning Murphy made an elegant double play, and Riley danced in and knocked the ball way out of sight," etc., etc.



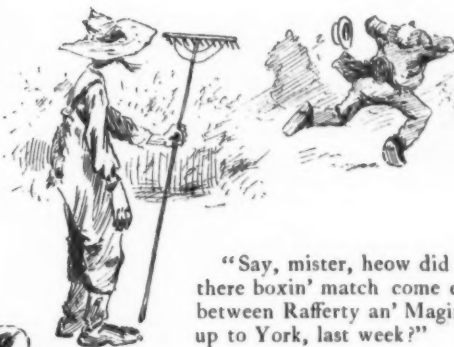
In the street.—CHORUS OF FIENDS—"Extry-y! Terrible 'xcitement! Full account o' races at Sheeptail Bay! Git th' extry-y!"



Making an evening call.—"Oh, Mr. Slips, won't you explain to me the difference between a centre-board and a bowsprit? I'm so much interested in the coming yacht-race!"



He sought a lonely spot in the country.—"Here, thank heaven, I shall not hear any thing about sport!"



"Say, mister, heow did that there boxin' match come out, between Rafferty an' Maginnis, up to York, last week?"

CURRENT COMMENT.

AN EMPTY pocket-book will make a man round-shouldered quicker than any thing else.

A BOOK HAS BEEN written for "middle-aged women." It is finding a ready sale among very old ladies.

THE HUMBUG HAS NO wings at all; but he gets there just the same.

THERE IS something very beautiful about childhood, except, possibly, in the case of newsboys.

IT IS WHEN a boy reaches the age of eight years that he begins to hate his father.

TO ATTEND CHURCH with a pretty girl does n't make a permanent sure-enough Christian of a young man; but it has a temporary religious effect, the sincerity of which can not be questioned.

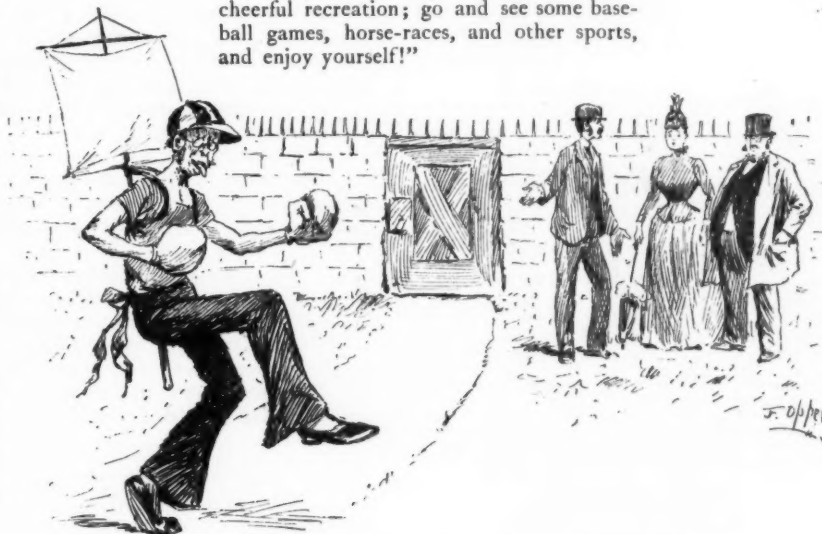
TALK IS SAID to be cheap; but we have known men to shoot their mouths off in a way that proved hopelessly expensive.

IT IS SAID that elephants are subject to rheumatism. But there is one horror incidental to the disease which they are spared: They don't have to hear people tell what will cure it.

"BLEEDING" KANSAS is so-called because she bleeds people who have money to invest in real estate.



Utterly worn out, he consults a doctor.—"What you need, my dear sir, is a little cheerful recreation; go and see some base-ball games, horse-races, and other sports, and enjoy yourself!"



At the quiet little asylum where he has been taken. (The keeper says to visitors.)—"Oh, yes, he's perfectly harmless; but he imagines he's a base-ball player, a jockey, a pugilist, and a yachtsman, all in one; poor feller! I s'pose he was too fond of sport, an' it turned his head; we have to let him rig up like that, to keep him pacified!"

RANDOM REMARKS.

IT CALLS the heart of a true American to read that a two-million-dollar heiress has eloped from Los Angeles, Cal., and gone to Mexico. That amount of money and a presumably pretty girl can do a great deal to foster home industry, and a safe deposit company for the storing of young ladies is suggested.

NOTHING WILL put murder into a man's heart quicker than to unsuccessfully try to open a refractory car-window for a pretty girl, and have a man about two sizes bigger than he is step across and open it almost without an effort.

HERE IS a little Broadway shop-window lyric:
Something new;
The Kangaroo
Shoe.

A MAN DOES N'T begin to be much of a liar until he owns a dog.

A MINNEAPOLIS LANDLADY has been fined ten dollars for slapping her hired-girl. We will make one of ten to pay that woman's fine.

THE WOMAN who pays twenty dollars for a bonnet will reach down a lamp-chimney for five minutes and nearly burn her nails to the quick to light a piece of folded paper and save a match.

PHILADELPHIA MUST BE a good place in which to make money, or the government would n't have a mint there.

IN FLATLAND.



THE DENIZEN of Flatland is a happy, happy wight,
So elevated he, the common herd is out of sight,
For Flatland is a height.
Above the city levels, like mountain ranges
high,
His brick-and-mortar battlements appear to storm
the sky,
And lightnings to defy.

Mirabili! Diablerie! the old enchanters' fables
Revive again in Gotham, magic lamps and magic tables,
Fairy steeds in fairy stables!
For in these castles splendid that the genii have reared,
There's necromancy going on, 'tis greatly to be feared,
And doings dark and weird.

A square of magic carpet—on the elevator floor—
Wafts him up through airy spaces to his own apart-
ment door;

Tell me, who would higher soar?
Like the wizard in his chamber here the lucky man doth sit,
While the lightning runs his errands, and a steam-fiend turns the spit—
(Should he please to call for it).

Hands invisible supply him, in the twinkling of a button,
With the noble pie of Strasbourg, or the modest leg of mutton—
Better never man made cut in!

With his tailor or confessor he communicates at ease,
Through trusty wires that miles away will duplicate a sneeze,
Or whisper what you please.

Magic sights are his at dawn, when the opal vapors flee,
'Tis the empire of the seer, reaching far as eye can see—
Who is kinglier than he?

And when heaven's lamps are burning, all the city's lights aglow,
Shine like—(Powers of Necromancy!)—like another heaven below!
Can it be this is n't so?

Ah, the denizen of Flatland is a happy, happy wight!
He is only made uncomfortable through grievous oversight—
Fire-alarums in the night—
Or Boreas, who fetches down a chimney with each gust—
Or earthquake—or tornado—that are coming, if they must,
To lay him in the dust. M. W. H.



A COLD DAY.

BOSTON EDITOR.—Are you aware that there is a fire in that stove, Mr. Fidds?

BOSTON REPORTER.—Do n't drive me off, Sir! I've been out to Vermont interviewing Senator Edmunds for the evening edition. (Puts lighted end of cigar in his mouth and smokes on.)



RISEING YOUNG CLERGYMEN CAN NOT BE TOO PARTICULAR REGARDING THEIR PULPIT ARCHITECTURE.

A POWER IN HUMOR.

THE READER has, no doubt, observed the close relationship existing between the word "Festive" and Current American Humor. 'Tis a simple word: Webster, in his little elementary dictionary (the only one I have), defines it as "joyous, mirthful, gay, festal, pertaining to a feast." Hence, we might say that the word is fraught with meaning.

I have said that the word Festive was closely related to Current American Humor. I might almost say that Current American Humor consists of the word Festive. Some six or eight years ago, in an evil moment, a professional humorist dragged it from its obscurity in the dictionary, and sprung it on a too-confiding public in connection with the otherwise unoffending granger. Since then reference has been made to the "Festive goat," the "Festive mule," the "Festive doctor," etc., etc., and even the "Festive undertaker."

Its introduction into a paragraph, no matter how gloomy or sad, at once makes the said paragraph excessively funny.

In its extensive travels the original definition of the word seems to have become lost, and it is now looked upon merely as a comical adjective.

Unlike funny articles in *Punch*, it is not necessary to print Festive in italics to show where the joke is: the intelligent reader, seeing it, knows at once that he has struck the core, and proceeds to act accordingly. If he is of a festive disposition, perchance he smiles.

There is one thing which should be said to its credit, however: it can not be used successfully in a minstrel performance. I have seen it tried. It seems to be too deep for the average minstrel audience. It has not that broadness, that suggestiveness, that—that—that is essential to the successful perpetration of a minstrel joke.

This being the case, Festive will live but a few years more and then vanish, as did the "d. s. thud," and the "g. o. p."

Wm. F. Schmidt.

PROTECTION FOR THE OPPRESSED.

DISCONSOLATE TAILOR.—There is no escape for the poor man—always pay, pay, pay!

AMERICAN PHILANTHROPIST.—What's the matter now?

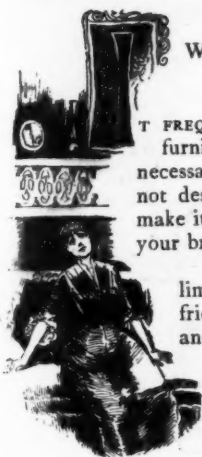
T.—Well, it's this way: The trade unionists of the Journeymen Tailors' Union have passed a resolution to carry a blue flag in their procession, and fine any member who walks behind a red banner. The Socialists in the organization passed a resolution to carry a red flag, and to fine those who march behind a blue flag five dollars. Now, what can a poor man do? I've got no five dollars to spare, and it's a fine either way.

A. P.—I'll tell you how to march in any procession and not have to pay a cent.

T.—Noble benefactor! How?

A. P.—March behind the American flag!

POINTS ON ECONOMICAL HOUSE-FURNISHING.

WITH APOLOGIES TO *Harper's Bazar*.

IT FREQUENTLY happens that women of taste, desiring to furnish their homes in an elegant manner, have not the necessary means to do so. To all such I would say: Do not despair. In the absence of the money, which would make it easy to purchase the articles desired, you must use your brains and economize.

To a woman about to go to housekeeping with limited means, I would recommend the example of a friend of mine who recently went to Florida to live, and who had to make the best of a not plethoric purse.

She had not the means to purchase a cupboard, but she took the big box her piano came in and set it in the corner of the kitchen, with the opening in front. After papering it inside and out with comparatively inexpensive wall-paper, at forty cents a bolt, a carpenter was called in, at only three dollars and fifty cents a day, to nail narrow strips of board inside for cleats, with boards sawed the right length placed across for shelves.

The space underneath made a nice roomy place for the firkins of raspberry jam, guava jelly, imported marmalade and other necessities. The carpenter also made a smaller box, placed on the top, and corresponding in length with the lower one. That was similarly papered, and a shelf put in about half-way between the upper and lower part. So she had three deep long shelves for her silver, besides space at the bottom for her china.

Covering the whole front of this neat and convenient cupboard was a brocaded silk plush curtain, arranged to slide easily back and forth by rings running on a brass rod. The rings cost but five cents each, the brackets fifteen cents each, and the rod two dollars. She obtained the silk plush at a bargain—four dollars per yard. Eight yards sufficed, making the total cost only about thirty-five dollars.

As chairs were scarce, she covered soap-boxes and the like with silk plush of a handsome shade, which made quite stylish-looking seats.

Her work-stand is made of a little deep, narrow box, one side being used for the top, of course, with neat strips of board, painted dark-brown, nailed on the ends for legs, and a stand cloth of antique lace over satin was sufficient to hide the interior. This stand cloth cost but eight dollars and twenty-five cents.

The box that her Rogers group—"Coming to the Parson"—came from the factory in, has always been kept as a pedestal for that statuette, as it is as high and large across as a suitable stand would be. It was covered first with stiff paper, to give a smoother surface, and then with an elegant plush and gilt cover, which cost but seven dollars and fifty cents. Altogether, it forms as pretty a piece of furniture as a stand made at the factory would do.

One not used to any thing but the regulation chamber sets would be surprised to see what pretty substitutes can be got up after the same general style—the tables, with their dainty toilet accessories; the stands, with their pretty covers and splashes. My friend prefers the real articles, of course; but when they are lacking she will have as pretty and convenient substitutes as she can get.

Barrels are also utilized in a pretty way. The one upon which Daisy keeps her music looks quite pretty, covered as it is with antique lace over satin. Of course, the inside is used for storage.

If it were not for taking up too much room, I would speak of her shelving in detail. There are so many places where a shelf or bracket, even of carved walnut, is an added convenience, and all unsightliness is removed by putting on a crocheted cover or a China silk scarf.

It makes me inwardly groan sometimes in visiting friends to see their unhandy housekeeping arrangements, making their work so needlessly hard, when a little planning and contrivance on their part would make such a difference, and be so economical.

Wm. H. Siviter.

FROM NEW ORLEANS. (CABLED.)

MRS. GREATOREX (*languidly, and scanning her jeweled calling-list*).—We'll drive down to Poindexter's keno rooms, Prince; from there take a drift around to that dear little Mexican pulque saloon on Carondelet Street; then run over to hit the race-ticker a moment; look in at the lottery office to see what General Beauregard has done for the family, and call at Mr. Greatorex's office for a check to place on Southron for the "Crescent." What a dull, stupid old hamlet this is!

PRINCE.—Kernel Ponch'train's gwine ter match his red hackle 'g'in' Judge Chat'reaux' ole gray down to Bigot's pit at free 'clock, Missy Gen'vieve.

MRS. GREATOREX.—Is he? We'll come back and get the children, and drive down there!



TWO OF THE most important industries of this country seem to be baseball and dyspepsia.

AFTER ALL that has been said about the bee, it has lately been discovered that the little creature can wiggle his dangerous end in four different ways when in the act of stinging. Any man who would stop to investigate the mystery after being caught, ought to make the most thorough scientist in the world.

THE OAKSMAN delights in a sliding seat; but the man who steps on a banana-skin does not.

TOM.—What have you got, Herbert, the shakes?

HERBERT.—No great shakes.

TOM.—What do you mean by no great shakes?

HERBERT.—Dumb ague.

THE DRESS-MAKING ACROBATS are now returning and revamping last year's dresses in a way calculated to let no outsider into the secret.

WHAT THE American heiress wants is quality, and what the English nobleman wants is quantity.

IT WOULD NOT BE a bad idea for every college foot-ball team to have a corps of surgeons and artificial-limb dealers on the field.

AT TWENTY-TWO her hair was white,
At thirty-five 'twas black as night;
A paradox, you, smiling, sigh—
She used McGonigle's Hair Dye!



UNTIL THE STORM BLOWS OVER.

"Is your mistress in, Mary?" inquired the head of the house, as he came home.

"No, sorr. The dress-maker spoiled her new silk, an' she's gone there to see about it."

"W-h-e-w!" whistled the old man, uneasily: "Just say to her that I am called down-town on important business, and won't be home until late."

THE INSIDIOUS SMALL BOY AT A BASE-BALL GAME.



A FEW DAYS AGO I left the office a little earlier than usual and attended a base-ball game. By my side sat an inimitable specimen of the genus commonly known as the "small boy." The following is a part of the fusillade he directed at a meek companion:

"Hey, Jimmy, I bet dat feller strikes out; betcher f' pence! Oh, (in a tone of deep disgust) yer're no good—whatcher 'fraid of—a nickel? Dere's one strike now—two strikes—say, wot does yer fadder do? H-u-h—told yer dat de feller'd get ter first! Gosh—dat first-base's n. g.; let a feller get secon' on his muff! Who 's dat cotchin'—Sweeny? Ah—he's a slouch at dat! Jimminy! knew dat bloke'd get out on third—naw—de empire says "not out"—what'd I tell yer? Can't teach yer fadder how ter play ball—dat's a daisy empire! (in a whisper)—Say, d' yer hear de dude in front say um-pire? Say, mister, gimme a light? Whew!—t'ree men's on base! Let her go, Gallagher! Oh, dat's bum—how many out?—two? Pooh! de feller 'll get in—well, dat innings done and nary a run—say, Jimmy, what does yer fadder do? Gallagher! dere's a t'ree-base hit—look at dat feller's legs—say, what does yer fad—home! by gosh! Crickets! dat was a close 'n! None out! I betcher—dere goes anudder t'ree-baser—OVER THE FENCE!—d'ye get onto dat? (whistles "Over the Fence," etc.) Say, Jimmy, wot does yer fadder do? WHAT? PLAY BALL? Dat him knocked de one over de fence? Say, Jimmy, giv' us yer flipper; de ol' man's a daisy, I tell yer!

BIOGRAPHY OF AN EMINENT AMERICAN.

HE WAS the eldest of seven children, and his parents, who were among the first settlers of the neighborhood now famous as the birthplace of the illustrious subject of our sketch, were, as may be imagined, in straitened circumstances.

When our hero was eight years of age, his father, who had always been in feeble health, died. From that time the boy was the sole support of the family. He used to arise at four in the morning. After smashing the three inches of ice which invariably formed over night in the water-pail, he would perform his ablutions. Then he would go out and feed the cattle, and, if he happened to have any leisure time before breakfast, he would saw a cord or two of wood.

After the seventeen hours of unremitting toil of which his day was made up, it might be supposed that he would be ready for sleep. But no, he was not that kind of youth; had he been, this tribute of esteem and admiration would never have been written. His father's library had consisted of three volumes: "The Pilgrim's Progress," "Fox's Book of Martyrs" and "Josephus" in the original. Over these books the boy used to pore by the light of a pine-knot after the rest of the family were in bed and asleep. He became possessed of an eager yearning for knowledge. By getting up at three o'clock, instead of four, and doing chores for a neighbor he earned enough money in a few weeks to buy a second-hand Latin grammar. Six months later—he being then thirteen years of age—he had mastered the language. In another year he was an accomplished Greek scholar, and at the age of seventeen he could converse in seven languages.

When he was eighteen years old he entered college, having earned the means to do so by the labor of his hands, besides supporting his mother and younger brothers and sisters. He was graduated with the highest honors, and pronounced the most brilliant man of his or any other year.

The study of law next claimed his attention, and in due time we find him practising at the bar of his native state. From that time on his career is familiar



COMING OUT OF IT.

MRS. DENSUADE.—You think it is n't serious then, doctor?

DOCTOR EASEMORE.—On the contrary, it's nothing but a slight swelling of the cerebral tissue, resulting from some trifling indiscretion.

DENSUADE (in an insanity of gratitude and a loud whisper).—Shay, Doc., tell her (hic-gill-gl) I never did sho again, an' I 'll nev' do sho b'fore!

THE WESTERN LAND CRAZE.



LAND BOOMER.—Say, Bill, lots is goin' a leetle slow jest now. What do yer say to invitin' the President to our city?

to all. The mere mention of his name quickens the pulse of every true American, and causes a thrill of pride to—

Eh? Who is he, anyway? Well, I have n't quite made up my mind yet. But the biography is the regular thing, and will do for any of them.

F. A. Stearns.

SECRETARY WHITNEY is very particular about vessels reaching their contract speed. He seems inclined to play both fast and Luce.

THE DOG SHOW has been a great failure at Newport, but the duke show has been a great success. Yet there is room for doubt as to the comparative merits of the exhibit at either show.

WHY IS IT that the farmer can stand an almost entire failure of his fruit crop from any of the many causes, with apparent resignation; but if he thinks his neighbor's boy intends to steal a pocket full of green apples from his orchard, he will go without sleep to gain the opportunity to fill that boy full of pepper and salt from a shot-gun?

THE ACTORS' FUND has recently bought a number of burial lots; and still the schools of acting keep on turning out hosts of unterrified graduates.

THERE ARE five thousand doctors in Washington from various parts of the country, and the general health in various parts of the country is said to be exceptionally good.

TIKNOVA SEEMS to be a good name for the first town that newly-elected monarchs of Bulgaria strike when they enter into their kingdom or principality, or whatever it is; "Turnback" would, however, be a better one.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS—The "Mets" again defeated.

MISS HELEN DAUVRAY's proposed season has been abandoned. "One of Our Girls" "Met by Chance" with ill-luck.

WHEN IT COMES to a round sum of money, what's the matter with a penny?

THE AVERAGE transatlantic steamer should be given a wider berth.

ADVICE TO THE Knights of Labor: Keep your Powderly dry; and then, perhaps, he won't talk so much.



PATENT EVANGELIZATION.

SPEAKING ON THE subject of high art, the patent evangelizer discussed Intemperance and his genealogy in the following words:

"There are some men and you can't tell them any thing they don't know; and when I look for the reason I find it's because they don't know any thing. Why have n't we more happy homes, more homes that are happy, more homes where there is happiness? You say that people will be putting up some this season; but why have n't we got them right now? What do we want of a home next season? We want a home now, and we want a happy home. Why, not three days ago a gambler came to me with tears in his eyes and told me that his home was not a happy one. I felt for him; I saw my chance; and right then and there I made him an offer for that home and got it at bed-rock prices.

"I am of noble birth, but I want to tell you that there is no higher happiness than that coming from perfect enjoyment. My little girl came to me the other day with tears in her eyes and asked for a dollar. I gave it to her. I asked no questions; I trusted her, and I gave her the money right in her fist. The next day she wanted two dollars; I gave her that. At the end of a week she wanted seven dollars. I took her aside so to be alone with her, and her mother and her beloved sisters and dear brothers were all about us, and I figured out that if she kept on at that rate, why, at the end of a length of time she would have me cleaned out.

"Do you want to have me cleaned out?" I asked. And then a tear stole into her eye, and she stole up to me and stole her little arms around my neck, and I turned to and gave her the soundest whipping I ever saw in my life, for there is nothing like stopping these first attempts at stealing.

"What is there like home! One day there was a stranger that came into a strange place, and every thing was strange to him; but he settled down and bought some corner lots, and sat right by them and saw them go up, and up, and up, and up, and he took an interest in the town and made money; and not twenty years after that he was well acquainted, and if he had had sufficient credit he could have got trusted for any thing in that town. Why, of course he could; and the way to do when you strike a new town is to hang right on and not let go.

"I am of noble lineage as any man ever was; but you bet I don't mince matters. That is not what I am here for. Very likely there are men and women here that are steeped in sin, and I tell them so to their faces; but you will observe, if you look closely, that I do it in such a way as not to materially decrease my profits. It puts me in mind of the Irishman: 'Vell, now, I don't know abowit dot,' he said, and he did n't. If there is an Irishman in this crowd, I tell him that I never yet knew an Irishman that knew any thing unless he was a Celt. That is how the matter stands. You can't whip the devil around a stump.

"This has nothing to do with the subject; but I have to work in the word 'devil' once in a while, and I am bound to do it.

"Just take the instance of a splendid man that I used to know! Every inch a man he was, and one day he said to himself:

"Here I have been a decent man for twenty years; but if I live I am going to put in one bad, wicked day. I am going to be a bad, bold man for once," he said. And he got his beloved children together, and his dear wife, and told them that business would keep him away till the following morning, and that dear wife and those trusting children they all believed him; and he went away and plunged into dissipation, and went to a base-ball game, and had a game of elderly sledge with one friend and a game of tongs or poker or whatever it is with another, and a game of vinton with another, and, in fact, put in a splendid time; and do you suppose that splendid time was lost?

"Not at all. He could n't stand the strain of being wicked so long the first attempt, so that night he went home, and there were the children—oh, he had never seen them so happy before! They had called in

their little friends and were having a dance; and up-stairs his wife was getting the first reading of the evening paper, and it was the first time in twenty years, and the tears of joy were running down her face; and that man saw what it was to put in one bad, wicked day, and he promised right then and there that he would never draw another good breath as long as he lived.

"And the same day there was a man in the same town who had been wicked, and he determined to put in one wholly good day, and he told his friends of it, and before noon he had to sign fourteen subscription lists for the heathen, and he promised, right then and there, that he was of the opinion that he had made a mistake. Why, I tell you, it was the biggest mistake he ever made in his life. I say to you that I would n't give a cotton hat for a man that was n't worth a continental. There is no mincing these matters. I am glad of it; we don't want any mince matters just at present. But you give me a mince-pie in winter, and I will show you a happy home—"

Here the patent evangelist stopped for breath, and to prepare for his second round.

Williston Fish.

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE.

THE COUNTRY EDITOR usually has such a tough time of it, trying to make an honest living, that we ought not to find fault because of the way he makes up his paper. The society column of the *Four Corners' Trumpet* reads as follows:

Miss Libbie Bixby has returned after a two days' visit with friends in Jonesville. Welcome home, Lib!

Six bars of good soap for a quarter at Scroggins's store. Beans only nine cents a quart.

Miss Sadie Perkins was an over-Sunday visitor in our burg last week. Always glad to see Sadie!

Salt mackerel cheap at Higgins and Beggs's cash store.

Grandma Dicky is visiting her grandson, Hon. W. Carter B. Baggs, of our city. Grandma will be eighty-one if she lives until October first, and she has fourteen good teeth, and reads without glasses.

Baxter and Bixby are selling good Orleans molasses for thirty-nine cents a gallon.

Mr. and Mrs. Terwilliker gave a grand reception *soirée* on Monday night. It was attended by all the *élite* of our burg, and was a very *recherché* affair. Every thing was *comme il faut* in the extreme, and was hugely enjoyed by the *crème de la crème* present, of which we were fortunate enough to be one. Taffy-pulling was a prominent feature of the brilliant occasion.

Hi Haskins has a good cow and calf to sell.



MAINTAINING THE PERPENDICULAR.

YOUNG CARRINGTON.—Will you join me in the next set, Miss Elsa?

MR. WHOLEDRIVER (of Oil City, Pa., speaking heavily).—Miss Commerford prefers standing, sir. I've asked her already!

"WHAT is more lovely than a peaceful grandmother?" asks an exchange. A wealthy grandfather is the right answer.

"THE BOAT THAT NEVER WENT TO SEA" is the title of a poem now going the rounds. We fancy it must have been one of the ladies-of-war of the U. S. N.

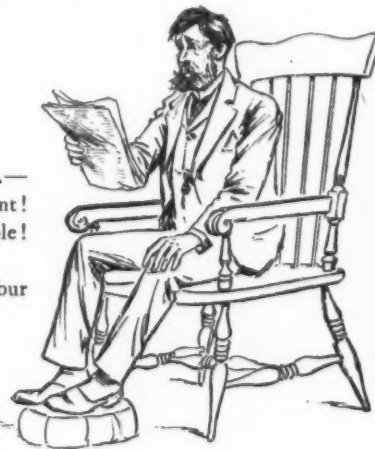
SCARCELY WORTH MENTIONING.

HUSBAND (reading the paper).—Another terrible railroad accident!

WIFE (shocked).—Is it possible! How many killed?

HUSBAND.—One killed and four injured!

WIFE (disappointed).—Is that all?





WONDERFUL SAGACITY OF THE REPUBLICAN ELEPHANT IN WALKING AMONG EGGS WITHOUT TOUCHING THEM.

PUCK.



KISMET.



DEAR READER, do you know what Kismet is? Now don't throw this down, imagining that it is a new kind of tooth wash or liver medicine; it is nothing of the sort—it is simply a favorite *nom de plume* of Fate. I intended to treat learnedly of the derivation of the word, etc., but I can't find anything about it in my encyclopædia or in Webster's unabridged, so am obliged to abandon my purpose, which I regret, as I am paid by the column.

Kismet is the banana-peel on the sidewalk of life. You go bowling along, attired in fine raiment, the admired of all admirers, the cynosure (whatever that is) of all eyes; all Nature seems to smile on you, and Hope ambles along at your side and whispers various flattering tales in your willing ear. Suddenly Kismet, quietly and unostentatiously, but with skill born of long practice and strict attention to business, glides under your best foot. In a moment all is changed. You lie prostrate in the dust, somebody goes off—in the wrong direction—for an ambulance, Nature discovers that she has been smiling at the wrong man all the time, and Hope hurriedly disappears down a side street.

Kismet is a remorseless, cynical cuss. He manages to have lots of fun in his own peculiar way with us mortals. I would like to be Kismet for a little while, retaining my present sweet, lovable disposition. What an amount of good I could do! I would first make arrangements for my own future; then I would see that certain relatives and friends were nicely fixed; this accomplished, I would have my m-th-r-in-l-w exported to Bulgaria or Siberia, and then I think I would let the cornet soloist next door burst a blood-vessel.

Then—but these are only idle, useless dreams. I am not Kismet; I can not be Kismet; I must remain what I am—an alleged humorist with soul-lit eyes and a select assortment of lofty ambitions and wild yearnings which Kismet takes particularly good care not to gratify. I think it very likely that at this moment the subject of my sketch is looking over my shoulder and reading this little tribute of esteem and admiration, and wondering whether he had better let me fall over the cat on my way down-stairs, and break my neck, or keep me on hand a while longer and have more fun with me.

There can be no doubt that were he so inclined, Kismet could become one of the most successful humorists of the day. He has a wonderfully keen sense of the ludicrous, he delights in absurdities, in incongruities, in ridiculous contrasts. To the four-dollar-a-week saleswoman he gives the face and form of a Greek goddess, (I do not number any Greek goddesses among my acquaintances; but I am given to understand that they are, as a rule, very prepossessing persons,) while upon the daughter of the haughty millionaire he bestows a lanky figure, large feet and cross-eyes.

He showers wealth and honors upon fellows who neither deserve them nor know how to use them; while he condemns poets, philosophers and humorists to wear reversible paper-collars and dine at free-lunch counters. He is as erratic in his distribution of favors as a rich relative: if there is a certain thing that you want so much that you can't sleep nights for thinking about it, does Kismet gracefully step forward and present it to you with his compliments? Not precisely. The chances are that he will hold it off at a little distance and permit you to grab for it a few times; then he will quietly remove it and let you recover from your chagrin as best you can. And some day, when you have lost all desire for this particular thing, whatever it may have been, Kismet will come along and throw it at you.

I distinctly disclaim any intention of attempting to curry favor with Kismet—a proceeding which I am well aware would be worse than useless—when I assert that the trait in his character which I most admire is his incorruptibility. He can not be said to be impartial in his distribution of favors—indeed, he very frequently displays a lack of ordinary judgement, and smiles profusely upon those who are quite unworthy of his support—but he can not be bought. Let one of his favorites presume too much upon his lenity, and venture to boast of his evident partiality, and to count confidently upon a continuance of his kindness, and it is more than probable that he will descend upon that individual

HEROIC MEASURES.

HUSBAND (*rushing in from the dining-room*).—You're making a terrific noise in here, Ethel; what on earth are you doing?

WIFE.—I'm trying to see if this angel cake is done. I can't seem to get the fork into it. I got the recipe out of the "Housewife's Guide to Perfect Cookery."

HUSBAND.—Oh, if that's the case, just wait a minute, and I'll bring you a cold-chisel and a hammer!



with the impetuosity and abandon of a full-grown cyclone, and by a series of energetic object-lessons impress forever upon his mind that it is unwise to attempt familiarities with the one and only Kismet.

In short, Kismet is a valuable friend and an exceedingly undesirable enemy. If he takes a fancy to you, all your schemes will prosper; if you run for office you will be elected; if you buy a lottery-ticket you will win one of the capital prizes; if you invest in stocks they will rise; if you propose to a girl she will refuse you. But if he does n't like you, you will have an up-hill time of it; you will be accepted by the girl you want to marry; you will invariably be just too late for the boat; if there is a block on the elevated road you will be in it; you will always have three or four plugged quarters in your pocket; and your great novel of American life will be refused by everybody, and then published at your own expense, and finally sold by the pound.

My kind regards to Kismet.

F. A. Stearns.



OUR SOCIETY REPORTER AT HOME.

MRS. GORDON.—My dear, here's a telegram.

MR. GORDON.—What does it say?

MRS. GORDON.—The *Upper-Ten* wants half-a-column of "Society News of the Week," immediately.

MR. GORDON.—All right; I'll be there in a minute.

EUROPE IS SAID to be full of wishing wells. America is not; but at the same time we think there are a few wishing oil wells in western Pennsylvania. That is, there are alleged oil wells there that some men wish they had not invested in, because oil may not lie at the bottom of an oil well, even if truth does.

SLUMBERTOWN—Philadelphia.

IN LOOKING FORWARD to November the Anarchists must begin to realize just how the turkeys are feeling at present.

A VICTIM of boarding-house life says that the done-over-dish act is over done, which it should n't be.

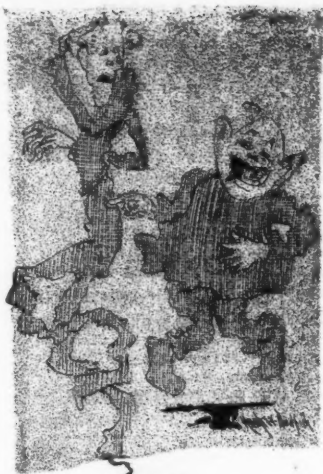
EVERY DOG has his day; but "Just Dog"—No. 3 of PUCK's LIBRARY—has all the days in the year. That's because he's a daisy.

"I ONLY SMOKE these cubeb cigarettes for a throat trouble," said Blibbs. "Well, pretty soon you'll get your throat trouble," replied Bogly.

A GREAT MANY PEOPLE may think that Bacon wrote Shakspeare; but no one seems to imagine that Shakspeare wrote Bacon.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS has just added "The Gates Between" to her "Gate" series. She should now give us a novel on "The Front Gate," and make the set complete.

THE HAUNTED HOTEL.



I.
THE SEASON is over, the giant hotel
Alike is deserted by hoosier
and swell;
The last bill is paid,
And landlord and maid
And waiters and cooks have
departed pell-mell.

II.
But when midnight draws near,
from South and from West
Come the ghosts of old boarders
all airily dressed;
From East and from North,
The phantoms troop forth,
And a spectral "Mine Host"
greet each shadowy guest.

III.
There are ghosts very fat, who
do nothing but grin,
And sad-looking ghosts who are
thin as a pin;
Ghosts tall and ghosts short,
Ghosts given to sport,
Ghosts picturesque and ghosts
ugly as sin.

IV.
They dance in the hall, they
flirt on the strand,
They sing doleful ditties in sep-
ulchral band;
Lawn tennis they play,
Some quoits and croquet,
And some ghosts are making up
pies in the sand.



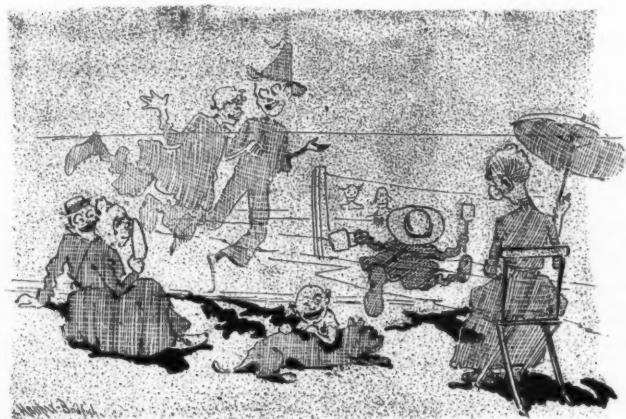
V.
These are the spirits of bores
we know well,
Who burden our lives in a sum-
mer-hotel;
The noisy young dude,
The bachelor rude,
The gossips with always a story
to tell.

VI.
The maiden who practices half
of the time,
Whose singing is ample excuse
for a crime;
Her intriguing mama,
And her plebeian pa,
The poet who always is after
a rhyme.



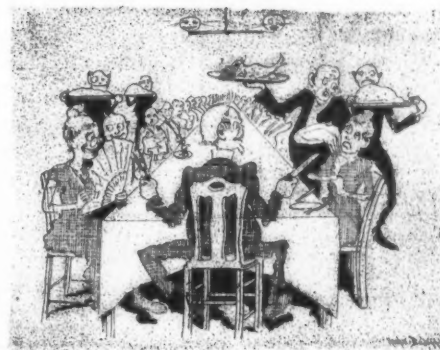
VII.
The gusher from Vassar who
swims twice a day,
And screams if the waves wet
her bathing-suit gay;
The giddy old maid
Who always has laid
Some trap to ensnare a Lo-
thario gray.

VIII.
When the season is over they
all must come here,
And resume all the tricks that
in life they held dear;
'Tis a punishment mete,
That they should repeat
The inflictions they bored peo-
ple with ev'ry year.



IX.
And, after the heat of the mid-
summer spell,
Were you passing this way,
you might hear a faint bell;
And may know, beyond
doubt,
The ghosts are about
To dine in the hall of the
haunted hotel.

E. De Lancey Pierson.



PUCKERINGS.

A POET SINGS: "A little farther on I shall find rest." Keep him moving.

IT IS SAID that when good Philadelphians die, they go to Wanamaker's.

MISFORTUNE is a speedy traveler. For instance, the more rapidly a man goes, the more likely he is to be overtaken by misfortune.

THE BLACKTHORN is also known as the sloe, but not when it is in the hands of a wild Irishman.

THERE WAS ONCE upon a time a Latin poet, who was likewise a scholar and a bishop, whose name, all unfurled, was Caius Sollius Modestus Sidonius Appollinaris. It is a long, beautiful, sweet-sounding name, but, at the same time, we think it would be better with a little whiskey in it.

HENRY CLAY said that he would rather be right than president. It would have sounded better if somebody else had said it for him. But we ought not to disparage a man who has been cold Clay for many years.

IF SOME OF the keys of a piano were utilized to lock it up, this world would be a little brighter.

SOME EVIL DISPOSED PERSON circulated the report that a number of wild cats had recently been seen roaming about the cottages at gay Tuxedo. The servant-girls, hearing of it, have been afraid to go visiting, and the cottagers of the mountain paradise are going to give a big blow-out to celebrate the first victory society has achieved in modern times over the servant-girls.

THE FISH KNOWN as the common sucker is not such a common sucker as his name would imply, when you consider that he is also the Catostomus Bostoniensis; and this is no unkind reflection on the Hub, either.

THERE CAN BE NO such thing as a second-hand bustle; because it has never been worn before.

WHEN A MAN begins frankly: "Well, sir, I am ashamed to say—" he generally has something to tell of himself that he is proud of.

THE WAY to get rid of an organ-grinder is to pay him before he begins. Then he will leave at the end of the first untune.

✦ ✦ ✦

**FRED:
BROWN'S
GINGER.**

✦ ✦ ✦

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HEADACHE**

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hot, but **WILL NOT** blister.

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THE PUMPKIN BLOW.

Uv all the posies I ever see,
Th' nicest lookin' uv 'm all t' me,
Is th' pumpkin blow.
Et 's yeller es butter, jist churned new,
Er golding pippins ripe clean through,
En et 's all aglow.

Et smells es sweet es a honey pail,
With th' bees a-settin' onto th' bail,
En gazin' down in.
En et hes a smilin' 'n' open way,
En one posy makes a hull bokay,
En et 's bright es tin.

I see et a-bloomin' down in th' vines,
'N' laffin' 'n' cuttin' up ets shines—
Leastwise et looks so—
En I laf back, 'n' et 's plain t' see,
T' onst, th' very best friends air we—
Me 'n' th' pumpkin blow.

Th' hollyhock et grows perk 'n' tall,
Ag'in' th' palin' er nigh th' wall,
But 't ain't no use.
'N' th' daisy et spiles th' meader-grass,
'N' th' marigol' be 'nt no makin' uv sass,
But jist t' look spruce.

Et makes me think, does my han'some blow,
Uv a big golding bell a-hangin' low,
'N' ringin' for me;
'N' I fancy th' sound 's like a meetin' tune
Er th' horn a-blowin' fer twelve et noon,
'N' what kin sweeter be?
—S. B. Macmanus, in Boston Transcript.

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To such traveled Americans as have become acquainted with the great merits of these Pills (so unlike any others), and who have ever since resorted to their use in cases of need, commendation is unnecessary. But to those who have not used them and have no knowledge of their wonderful virtues, we now invite attention.

The use of these Pills in the United States is already large. Their virtues have never varied, and will stand the test of any climate. They are advertised—not in a flagrant manner, but modestly; for the great praise bestowed upon them by high authorities renders it unnecessary, even distasteful, to extol their merits beyond plain, unvarnished statements.

Persons afflicted with indigestion or any bilious or liver trouble, should bear in mind "COCKLE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS," and should ask for them of their druggist, and if he has not got them, insist that he should order them, especially for themselves, of any wholesale dealer, of whom they can be had. JAMES COCKLE & CO., 4 Great Ormond Street, London, W. C., are the proprietors. 400



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[Continued from Page 62, PUCK, No. 550.]

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(To be continued.)

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WHILE a game of base-ball was in progress at Logansville, Ind., last Sunday, the Salvation Army appeared on the scene and proceeded to pray for the poor, misguided players. Up to this time the Logansville club had been losing, but immediately braced up and fairly wiped the ground with the opposing nine. — *Mail and Express.*

"AND do you really love me, George?" she asked.

"Love you!" repeated "dear" George, fervently: "Why, while I was bidding you good-bye on the porch last night, dear, the dog bit a large chunk out of my leg, and I never noticed it until I got home. Love you!" — *Harper's Bazar.*

A BURLINGTON girl is learning to play the cornet, and her admirers speak of her as "the fairest flower that blows." — *Burlington Press.*

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I have found it matchless for the hands and complexion.
Adeline Patti

Since using Pears' Soap I have discarded all others.
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For preserving the Complexion, keeping the skin soft, free from redness and roughness, and the hands in nice condition, it is the finest Soap in the world.
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CATARRH positively cured by the great German Remedy. Sample pkg. and book for 4 cts. instamps. E. H. MEDICAL CO., East Hampton, Conn.

THE *Labor Leader*, of Boston, which is appealing to workmen for support, fills up a good portion of its insides with the patent plate matter. That takes bread from the mouths of honest compositors, who ought to be regarded as workmen. Brother McNeill should do the square thing with his paper, and give honest labor a chance.—N. O. Picayune.

SHE.—Freddie, how often have I told you not to play with your soldiers on Sunday?

HE.—Yes; but, mama, this is a religious war.—*Accident News*.

"WAITER," he said in quite a loud tone of voice: "have you got any champagne on ice?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, bring me a bottle of—beer," whispered the young man.—*Drake's Magazine*.

GUEST (at restaurant).—How much do I owe?

PROPRIETOR.—Dinner costs a dollar.

GUEST.—By right I ought to deduct fifty cents for that beefsteak; but I'll let it go this time, for I can tell by that steak what a tough time you must have to make a living.—*Texas Siftings*.

THE best imitation of the song of the bobolink is by the waiter-girl when she says without taking breath: "Liver-steak-cold-roast-cold-corned beef-eggs-ham-lamb-and-sausages."—*Boston Globe*.

THE Kiralfy Brothers have always considered acting of less importance than scenery and ballet. When "Lagardere" was being rehearsed, Lyttell was working hard on an important comedy bit in a landscape front-scene.

"Stop! Stop!" cried Imré.

"What's the matter?" asked Lyttell.

"Stand more on one side. Do n'd you see you cover up dot peautiful-bainted dree?"—*Epoch*.

THE lay of the land—Hail Columbia.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

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TITLE PAGE AND INDEX VOLUME XXI.

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CHAMPION OF TWO CONTINENTS.

An Interesting Comparison of
THE WORLD'S GREAT BREWERIES.

Decidedly the greatest beer producing countries in the world are Germany and Austria. The manufacture of the national beverage and its consumption is a matter of investigation and comment for every traveler that has visited and written of those States. Many have gone behind the commercial feature of the industry, and have found in the production, fostered and protected as it is by the Government, a solution of the stability of the people. The people themselves, instead of fretting under the ordinary cares of life that carry more volatile neighbors into insurrection, absorb a philosophical quiet with the nectar of Gambrinus that saves them from the consequences of rashness. Small wonder that they cherish their colossal Brauereien and that the Government fosters them.

The last annual official statistical showing of the product in Germany and Austria has just been received here.

According to this report, the output of the six leading breweries of Germany and Austria, in 1886, was the following:

	BARRELS.
1. Spaten Brewery, Munich, (Gab. Sedlmayer, Prop.).	363,017
2. Anton Dreher, Vienna.....	348,603
3. Löwen Brewery, Munich.....	252,750
4. St. Marx, Vienna.....	299,480
5. G. Pschorr, Munich.....	235,950
6. Liesing Actien Brewery, Vienna.....	170,764

Total, 1,670,564.

There are innumerable small establishments, but these six larger ones serve to give some idea of the magnitude

of the industry in those countries. In the manufacture of the quantity of beer shown in the product of these six breweries, over one hundred and forty millions of pounds of malt were used.

To those of our own community who are not tinged with prohibitory theories there will be some satisfaction in learning that St. Louis, Mo., has not only the largest brewery in this country, but the largest in the world.

The Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association, in the period covered by the official report from which the above is taken, manufactured and sold 13,120,000 gallons of beer, equaling

410,000 Barrels,

an excess of more than 10 per cent. above the production of the Spaten Brewery of Munich, the largest European brewery. Experts in the manufacture of beer are not slow to say that the quality, also, of the Anheuser-Busch beer excels that of its European rival in about the same ratio. This opinion is not only that of American judges, but in every European exposition in which the beer of the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association has come into competition with that of all the above-named breweries, it has been awarded the first premium. In every European capital medals have been given to them showing that they surpassed all other exhibitors in the quality of the beer manufactured. These awards have not been merely occasional, but record a succession of triumphs.

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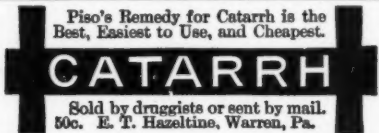
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THE latest novel by Inspector Byrnes, written over the *nom de plume* of Julian Hawthorne, is called "An American Penman," probably suggested by the play called "Jim, the Penman."—*N. O. Picayune*.

THE trouble with a great many editors is that they don't think one-half as much as they write.—*Somerville Journal*.

"To what do you attribute the curative properties of your spring?" asked a visitor at a health resort.

"Well," answered the proprietor thoughtfully: "I guess the advertising I've done has had something to do with it."—*Detroit Free Press*.

WHEN a bank boodler skips to Canada now it is in order to ask: "Was it the lady or the tiger?"—*Philadelphia Times*.

WHEN you are in a horse car and anxious to reach home it goes very slow. When you have to chase it half-a-dozen of blocks to catch it how fast it goes!—*Boston Courier*.

CONNECTICUT has cabbaged a great deal of the Havana cigar-making business.—*N. O. Picayune*.

SHE (*blushing slightly*).—Do you know, George, I've heard it said that in ancient times kissing a pretty girl was a cure for a headache.

HE (*with monumental stupidity*).—A headache is something I've never had.—*Harper's Bazar*.

WARNING.

It is not to be wondered at that most Americans are dyspeptics. Swallowing ice cold drinks on a hot Summer day does the mischief. Why then not add ten drops of **Angostura Bitters** the world renowned tonic of exquisite flavor and thus avoid all danger of cold in the stomach.



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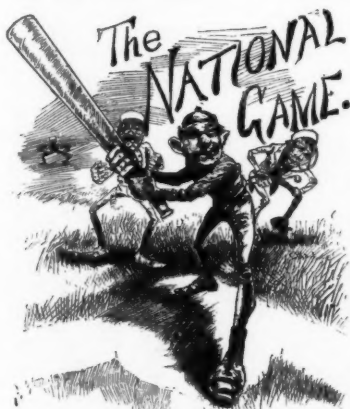
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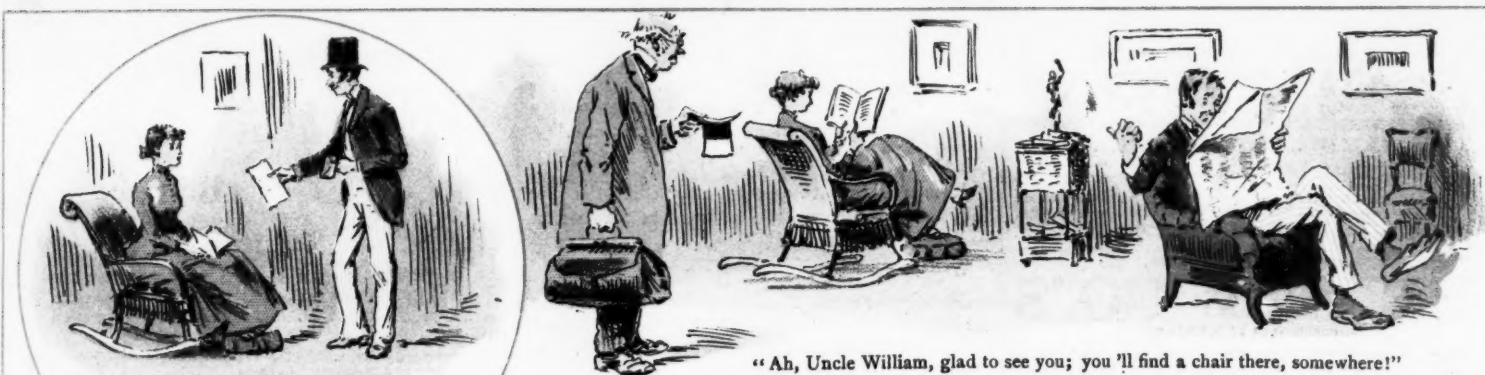
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"Look here, Caroline; Uncle William writes that he'll be here to-morrow, to stay a week. He's got loads of money. Now, if we try to please him too much, he'll think we're after it. What we want to do is to treat him in an off-hand, independent way, and ten to one he'll remember us in his will."

"Ah, Uncle William, glad to see you; you'll find a chair there, somewhere!"



The children have been told not to be too polite to Uncle William, and act accordingly.



"We have n't any thing for dinner to-day but cold corned beef and potatoes, Uncle William; but it's good enough for us, and we never put on style to please any body."



"We're going out to spend the evening, Uncle William; just make yourself comfortable. There's a Patent Office Report on the table for you to read while we're gone."



"Here's your bed, Uncle William; it's a little bit hard, but it's the best we can do for you—good-night!"

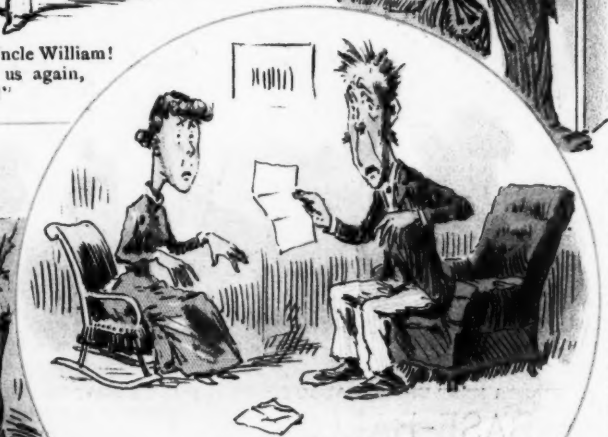


"What, going so soon, Uncle William! Well, come and see us again, some time. 'Ta, 'Ta!'"



Y. Oppen

"Well, Caroline, I guess Uncle William went away convinced that we are plain, independent people, with no flattery about us; mark my words, he'll remember us in his will!"



SIX MONTHS LATER.

Dear Sir:
Your late Uncle William has left you, in his will, forty-five cents, with which to purchase a book on good manners. We enclose check for the amount.
Respy,
WAGGS & BAGGS,
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